

READING FOR THE YOUNG

BOATING IN THE SKY.

Less clouds, so slowly floating,
That would be my kind of boating—
Being gliding high in air,
Bonded for—oh, for an—where!
Do you ever sail so far
That you steer against a star?
And the moon—she turns you round
When on her you do run across?
As if you—could—be—south,
Can you ever make it so?

When the bluebird brings the spring,
Is it panned beneath his wing?
Have you ever seen that to-a-n
Were the sun and a wheel, a-down?
Is he half-all gold and very?
How does he get up so early?
Who lives 'way on 'onder still,
Always talking when it's still?
I wonder, oh, I do just 'onder
If you've seen one of 'em 'under!
Can't he skip his children a sister?
Is he mad?—Or what's the matter?
Many queer things you must spy.

BANTAM BOB.

The Story of a Little, Handsome and
Funky Bird—His Ignoble End.

Bantam Bob was little. He did not
know it. At least he did not seem to
know it. He held on his head

It is said of his variety of birds: "They are more courageous and pugnacious than gamecocks five times their size."

their weight and size—a beautiful example of a great soul in a little body. Bob was a living witness of the truth of this description seventeen times a day. Did he not attack, rout and put to flight every beast, every man, woman and child—the owners, Frank Elmer and Carrie Marsh excepted—that crossed his path? Yes, of course he did.

Bob was handsome. He knew at least he seemed to know it. In the adjoining dooryard was a vain peacock, the green and black of whose back and wings, the blue of whose neck, the brown, green and gold of whose violet of whose tail made a beautiful play of colors in the shifting sunlight. Bob was every whit as vain as that peacock, else he never would have

promenaded along the top of the board fence with a haughty air, trying to dazzle people's eyes with his lustrous splendor. Bob would strut up and down the gravel walk with an air just as haughty and twice as ridiculous.

twice as pretty as he. Hear his hair
voice. He can't crow. I can." Then
up he would fly to the fence top and
follow right in his rival's footsteps,
crowing lustily, until, tired of being
crowed over by that little midget, the
favorite would vanish, tail and all.

The Marsh children had so many pets that they played menagerie with them on Saturdays. Admittance was cent and always a full house. Frank had a mustang pony, five rabbits, woodchuck and a coon. Elmer had calf, a guinea pig, a lamb and a dog.

These pets would have formed "Happy Family" had it not been for Bob's jealousy. If Frank caressed his pony, if Elmer patted his calf, or Carrie hugged Tabby, Bob would fly in their faces like a small fury. Then Elmer would seize and stroke him, and Frank feed him loppeted milk and

rie call him pet names until his rough feelings were smoothed and Bobby found himself again. The children had their hands full to keep peace on his count. Every member of the family had something against him. He asked so. Katy Kos-ta-ma-lasky, the Bo-mian hired girl told them "he had to her new ball dress made of pink mosquito-netting, and she meant to make

Frank and Elmer did not believe that pie herself, hateful little rooster."

"There, there, you did it yourself," cried Frank. Elmer said: "No need to wear such a slimy dress. They began quarreling, when Carrie said: 'I know what made Bob & Katy's dress.' "What?" said all the voices in concert. "Cos Bob, he was jealous of Katy's bean." This remark of Carrie's restored harmony at once and no doubt saved the

Mrs. Marah was vexed at him threatening to have him beheaded, because he flew on to the kitchen table and ate the top crust off her pie. This threat Carrie seized and hid under a sieve in the woodhouse chamber, feeding him, in the meantime much rich fruit-cake he came near eating of dyspepsia.

The music teacher both feared and hated him because he was for shocking her nerves by jumping suddenly upon her shoulders and flying into her face unexpectedly. He hated her because the noise of her pipe drowned his crows. He wished always to be heard. But the children befriended him and saved his life many times. Once though they thought

was all over with their favorite. He had not a spark of reverence in the great soul of his, not an atom of respect for the minister. Let the minister hear of that it would be useless for them to interfere.

life than when he flew at the parson

two since, to a lad who was opening a parcel: "Young man, untie these strings—don't cut them!" It was the first remark he had made to a new employe. It was the first lesson for the lad to learn, and involved principles of success or failure in his business career. Pointing to a well-dressed man behind the counter, he said: "There is a man who whips out his scissors and cuts the strings of his

This saving of little things does not imply stinginess or meanness. It is simply the habit of saving instead of wasting. It is embodied in the motto: "Waste not, want not." Therefore we do say: "Don't cut the string." *Newshygs Appeal.*

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